

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1918

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MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

For Our "Boys"

So many of our readers have inquired about a reduction in the subscription rate for the boys at the front that we have decided to cut it in half. REEDY'S MIRROR will be sent to anyone in the training camps or the fighting forces anywhere for one year for \$1.50. This is done in recognition of our debt to them.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Buy Bonds!

Of all supererogations just now the chief is argument in favor of the purchase of Liberty Bonds in the drive that begins to-morrow. If anyone needs convincing that it is his duty to invest in the best security in the world, for the world, he is at heart on the other side of the issue between Law and Might, Freedom and Tyranny. Necessity demands that the money be raised to give the *coup de grace* to the Teutonic Terror that threatens the destruction of civilization. The money will shorten the war, will end it and end it right. The bonds will make sure that the nation which started the war shall not come out of it enriched by the spoils of her ruthless rape of a peaceful world. Germany must be beaten into powerlessness to essay against the devilish enterprise of world dominion. The loan a success, or a five years' war, maybe longer: there is the alternative. What are some billions of dollars against a remission of such a horror? We must supply the allies, as well as ourselves, with all that may be needed to quench the inferno lit by the torch of *Kultur*. Either that or lose the war, have Wilhelm II for emperor of the world and usurping successor of *Gott im Himmel*. If you don't see the necessity of buying bonds to accomplish these ends, if you don't act upon comprehension of that necessity, you help the Kaiser to crush liberty to the extent that you refuse to count for one in resistance to the blasphemy of divine right, in support of the rights of the common man. Buy bonds!

♦♦

We Win on All Fronts

NOT to compare the greatest thing in the world with something small, but—the war in its present aspect is very like the four-ring circus of our youth, in which so many startling things were going on that one could not comprehend the greater part of them. The one outstanding fact is that everywhere in the fighting field the battle is going against the Germans, and that in the utterances of their leading men there is a note as of the recognition that their finish is disaster. Despair is their portion, whether in arms or in diplomacy.

On the western front the allies press on as their foes press back from unremitting attack. St. Quentin seems doomed.

In the Asia Minor region the Turko-German forces have been destroyed and the allies are masters of Palestine and of the great Bagdad route to the east. The names of the sacred places of Christian tradition are those from which are dated bulletins of overwhelming victory over both the eastern and western infidels. There is no prospect that the forces of the Turkish empire can ever be reorganized effectively. The *Drang nach Osten* is stopped for all time and there will never be an imperial hegemony spread between Berlin and Bokhara.

There has been a long lull in Italy. It can mean nothing but preparation for an assault by the Italians upon the Austrians. There are many thousand American troops in Italy and material has been piling up behind the army mountain-high. An Italian attack must be well prepared if it is to "follow through" where the enemy come down upon them from the Alps to the Venetian plain. The drive will have for objective more than clearing Italy of invaders. Its difficulty accounts for the delay in deliv-

ery synchronously with the other forward movements all around the ring of steel and fire encircling the Germans. It is believed the Italians will move upon the Austrians before the end of this week—and the Austrians are weakened by withdrawal of men for the western front and by governmental paranoia at Vienna.

If we look to the region of the Balkans the news is equally good. The Greeks have got into action at least 200,000 strong, after inactivity amounting for a long time to hostility. For a hundred miles between Monastir and Lake Doiran the Bulgarians, demoralized, fall back, and from Sofia comes news that Bulgarian political sympathy is turning away from the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. The reconstituted remains of the gallant Serbian army are fighting aggressively in a wedge between the foe's eastern and western divisions. Broadly speaking, the enemy line between Albania and the Adriatic needs straightening if it is not to break under the pressure upon it.

From Russia the news is a maze and a murk. The Red Terror rages in Petrograd and Moscow, and this strengthens the counter revolution, turning people to the allies from the German-instigated savagaries of the Bolsheviks, slaughtering in order to keep themselves in power and in touch with the Berlin treasury. Lenin and Trotzky have forgot their Marxian ideal and fight for their own preservation. The allies move towards the center from east and west, the Chekoslavs hold the middle land fairly well in places and still control the Trans-Siberian railroad. Washington's call upon civilization to hold the Bolshevik regime as "enemies of the human race" shows that we will stand by the Russian people against those of their own who have betrayed and butchered them at German command.

If German politics are in the confusion of contemplation of inevitable defeat, Austria-Hungary is in something like panic, forced to fight and at the same time to sue for peace to save the face of her master, while Bulgaria, hopeless of more Teuton help and Turkey shattered to impotence by Allenby's victory and calling in vain for funds and organizers, are remembering that the United States has not declared war on them and may be in receptive mood for proposals of surrender on terms which may emancipate them from servitude to the war-lord of Potsdam. Over all is the wail of Chancellor von Hertling that the war, for his side, goes far from well, and it is a whine and whimper not at all like the speech of Lloyd-George, in the allies' hours of agony, "We stand with our backs to the wall." Even the emperor tells his people that they have to meet the Americans—as much as to say the end has come.

The war now is a war for Russia. There is no longer question that Belgium shall be free, or Serbia or Rumania. Even France may have back Alsace-Lorraine, probably. Erzberger and others favor a League of Nations, with a German twist that will be untwisted when the league shall be formed. Germany wants to hold what she has seized of Russia territorially and to dominate the remainder for commercial strengthening. For that she is fighting in the last ditch as her last stake. But she shall not have it. That is already written in the Book of Fate. She shall have only Germany and that chastened and purified of autocracy, even so as by fire.

♦♦

Incidents

On a train from the East. Twelve cars, one diner. You had to wait to get a seat unless you were first Johnny-at-the-rat-hole. I found the corridor at the diner blocked by an officer in khaki, his wife and

REEDY'S MIRROR

child, waiting. Looking over their shoulders I saw that three chairs were vacant at a table in the angle made by the kitchen. "Why," said I, "there are three seats, sir." "Yes," said the officer, "but there's a nigger in the other one." I went in. The negro was a very respectable looking person, with an alert, intellectual air. He was looking over some papers while he ate, leisurely. I could see the papers were government papers. He was evidently on government service. But no one would sit at the table with him. The negro gave no sign that he noticed the ostracism. Everybody had significantly noticed him. And I—did I sit with him? I didn't have to, for just then one man got up from a two-seat table on the other side of the car and I took his place.

At a home I visited there was a young lady very popular with the land and sea forces. A fine car drove up and an officer of the navy came in to take the young lady in to town. The car was driven by a "gob," that is to say a sailor. Would I go in to town with the officer and the lady? I would. I never lost an opportunity to ride past that wonderful statue to "Louis J. Heintz, founder of the progress and prosperity of the Bronx"—a statue with nose-glasses, and with a bronze figure of Fame writing Heintz's immortality on the granite pedestal—a statue more pretentious than any to many better known men in a region plentifully peppered with statues of, mostly, abominable and atrocious sculpture. Reaching town the time had come for lunch—on me. We debarked at an hotel and I bethought me the "gob" should be provided with lunch money. The officer divined my thought as I approached the "gob," caught my arm and swung me around almost violently. "Don't do that," he said. "The gob can buy a thousand of us. He owns the car. In our department we needed a car, made a request for one. Nothing doing. The 'gob' said, 'You can have my car.' He phoned for it and it's at our service all the time. Of course we let him drive us. Couldn't do less than that. He drives except when he's on the coal pile in his turn like anyone else. He's worth about \$700,000." I was saved from a *faux pas*, but I made another. "Well, then, suppose we take him in to lunch with us," said I. "Oh, no; that wouldn't do. Discipline, you know, rank and all that."

On a Pullman. An army lieutenant in a seat *vis-à-vis* with a pretty girl. A look at the officer's face revealed that the hand of death was upon him. T. B. His eyes blazed in the face that was wasting so the bones suggested a death's head. His clothes were miles too wide for his shrunk form. A coughing fit came on—the sound was like an echo in a vault. The girl looked at him affrightedly, visibly shrinking against the back of the seat. After covering his mouth with a handkerchief he spat in the cuspidor. The girl almost collapsed. He saw it, arose and went into the bath room. The girl was plainly relieved, but he came back and sat down again. I went to the lounge car for a while and he came there later. We left the lounge for the Pullman together. He sat opposite the girl. There was another spell of coughing. I went into another car to see a friend. Returning I found the girl sitting opposite my place. The officer was gone. Might she sit there? Certainly. This led to a talk. Oh, she was so scared, she said. That poor man! She knew it was wrong in her to feel as she did, but she just couldn't help it. She was so frightened. She had had a brother die of consumption and knew all about its infectiousness. That poor fellow didn't know. He was at a camp on Long Island. He caught pneumonia, he said, and was on his way to San Antone, where his brother was an army surgeon. He would soon be well, go back to his camp and then to the other side for a crack at the Germans. He was so sure that was to be the way of it. Oh, it was too bad, but she was so scared. It was hateful to be so afraid of a boy who she was sure was a hero. She could just cry. She didn't want to let on about her feelings. And so on—the talk of a very nice girl, culminating with "Oh, I wish he could get to the trenches and get his end there in a charge; it would be so much better

than to die the way he will die. To think that he doesn't know! His hope and faith are more terrible than anything. I wish I could tell him how I feel for him, but I can't—I can't even sit close to him." And she shuddered again. I wondered whether the most terrible thing about tuberculosis is not the knowledge the doctors have given us of it, that makes for such dreadful isolation of its victims. I thought that the horrors of war are not much worse than this.

On an up-town ferry, about 11 a. m., bound for the Jersey shore. In the crowd a man in a military cape, with a white navy cap, standing at the bow in a brown study. A good stiff wind blowing. It caught the cape on one side and blew it far back. There stood revealed an admiral's uniform. A young naval lieutenant came out of the shelter just then. His eye caught the uniform. He stiffened and gave a tremendously snappy salute. The saluted one did not see it, immersed in his own thoughts. The lieutenant saluted again. This time it impinged upon the consciousness of the saluted. He came out of his brown study and smiled.

"That's fine," he said, "you must teach me that."

The lieutenant reddened up and saluted again, eliciting no return. His confusion and wonder were distressing. The saluted one seemed suddenly to see a great light, looked at himself, smiled.

"Oh," he said, "pardon me. This is an admiral's uniform but I'm not an admiral. I appear as one in a naval movie play we're making over here in Jersey. I'm an actor. Put on my costume over at home in the city. I'm sorry."

The lieutenant smiled and showed the play admiral the technique of the salute three or four times. "I've got it," said the admiral, "thank you. Don't forget to see me on the screen in 'All Hands on Deck' when it's released, and drop me a line telling me if I do the salute right."

"I sure will, sir," said the lieutenant.



Some Religious Talk

I FIND the *Christian Science Monitor*, excellent paper that it is, most interesting these days. It is all "het" up over someone's proposal that the people recite the *Angelus*, a Catholic ritual, each evening, for our success in war. Likewise it doesn't take kindly to the inclusion of the Knights of Columbus in the joint drive with the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. for one big war-benevolence fund to be proportionately divided. It says the Knights of Columbus are not the real thing in their work, that the hierarchical Catholic War Council has charge of the work and the work is proselytizing. It doesn't think that it's well to bunch all religions as about the same. That's bad. If all religions are about the same, where's the conviction of truth? If it doesn't make any difference what a man believes, all beliefs are equally worthy or worthless. The effect is negation of religion. The *Monitor* is wrought up too about some proposal that the cross as an insignia of the army and navy chaplains be supplanted by a shepherd's crook—this in deference to the Jews in the army. This last thing has been repudiated by army officers and Jews. Then again Roman Catholic hierarchical activities are said to be the explanation of a War Department order that camp pastors are, after a while, to be ousted from the camps and cantonments. Some of those irregular, guerilla camp pastors with neither intelligence nor tact have bred sectarian strife in the soldiery, and even the Protestant army chaplains find them to be meddlers and muddlers. These little worries of the *Monitor* are not afflicting anybody else. The *Monitor* should forget them. They are only "claims" of "mortal mind." The *Monitor* says that this is a Christian and Protestant country and no other creed or sect should have any recognition. The *Monitor* is mistaken. This is not officially a Christian or a Protestant country. It is nothing more nor less than a democratic country with a republican form of government—or it was until the necessities of war compelled a temporary

(let us hope) suspension of a lot of our democracy and republicanism. This growing religious rancor must be smothered. This country must not be made into a Protestant theocracy, any more than a Roman province. The Protestant theocratic idea is manifest powerfully in the prohibition movement, and I think it is, with its implications, more imminently dangerous to our form and substance of government than any supposed plot to make us all vassals of the Vatican. There's an ugly illiberal Liberalism in poisonous action too. It is discrediting all religious activities in relation to the war. It proceeds upon the assumption that all the Y. M. C. A. workers are hypocrite slackers and most of them "profiteering" on the things they supply. A soldier in Italy writes that the boys over there translate Y. M. C. A. as meaning "You Must Come Across." There's so much of this kind of thing floating around in conversation that one might well believe it to be the work of pro-German propagandists, like that damnable story that in a certain New York hospital there are two hundred Red Cross nurses back from the front, in child bed. I don't think it's German propaganda. It is nothing but loose talk generated by antique prejudice.



For the Period of the War

PROHIBITION is practically upon us "for the period of the war." I see that here and there some brewer is expressing the faith that this means not more than a year or so. I don't like to dash any darling dream, but whenever the war ends with a victory for us—it can end no other way—prohibition won't end. We shall have prohibition until the vast army is demobilized, until the industrial conditions created by the war are readjusted. This will be a long time—so long that we shall have long since become accustomed to prohibition and shall resent a change, which, so far as reforms are concerned, is what chiefly we dislike most. The war won't be over until the President shall proclaim it to be so. And the President won't make such proclamation in a hurry, for the reason that a too sudden stoppage of the machinery, as at present operating, might very well precipitate conditions that would be as bad as if not worse than war.



Brisbane's Brewer Boodle

ARTHUR BRISBANE has been getting \$75,000 and a yacht per year as an editor for William Randolph Hearst, for twenty years. It is notorious that Brisbane is no spender of anything but words. He loves money almost as much as did the late Hetty Green or Russell Sage. He could very well have bought the *Washington Times* from his savings and from certain other profits. But he didn't. He borrowed \$500,000 from the brewers of the country, through Mr. Fiegenspan. He got it without interest and without obligation to pay it back unless he found it convenient. That is very like Arthur, as New York knows him. The money was a good chunk for his advocacy of prohibition of whiskey and free and unlimited production of beer and light wines—with which proposition I am in hearty accord. But even though what Brisbane advocates be right, it isn't a good thing to have large special, privileged interests secretly endowing newspapers for propaganda in behalf of themselves. If they would do this openly, it would be all right—so far as the public interest is concerned. Then the people would know the origin of the agitation. But if people knew the origin of such agitations the people would discount the agenda and it wouldn't be any good for the interests. The people have a superstition that the press is run in the public interest. They won't heed anything in a subsidized press. Let the interests campaign in press and rostrum as they will, but let us know that it is the interests are doing it. So with legislative lobbies. Let them "lob" but let us know who compose them and by whom they are financed. Mr. Brisbane would have a good defense in his right to propagandize for anything he might wish, but his defense is annihilated by his gum-

shoeing and pussy-footing and masquerading as an unsuborned publicist. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that Brisbane's beer subsidy is exposed synchronously with the attacks upon his employer, William Randolph Hearst, for sedition, disloyalty, treason, pro-Germanism. There's no getting away from the general fact that the brewing interest is in its individual composition of German derivation and sympathy. There is no doubt that the brewery industry co-operated with the German-American Alliance which was perniciously active in endeavors to keep this country from active resentment of German outrages against American lives and business and rights upon the seas. The German-American Alliance was used by the brewers to fight prohibition but the fight on prohibition and upon Americanism became very much the same thing as the crisis of the war developed towards forcing this country into participation in the conflict. The brewers have had a large, self-exculpatory advertisement in the papers for several days. I don't doubt they are all loyal now. I don't say they weren't within their rights as citizens in opposing this country's entrance into the war. But everybody doubts German faith now. It is punic faith. It is in everything what Bernstorff's diplomacy was, what the policy of *spurlos versenkt* was, what the financing of bombers and incendiaries and bridge wreckers was. And when the brewers are found operating as they were through Brisbane, skulkily, when we find Brisbane and his other boss, Hearst, throwing, at every opportunity, a wrench into the machinery of the conduct of the war, hinting doubts and insinuating evil motives, we cannot be blamed for suspecting that Brisbane's beer boodle war may have come like Bolo Pasha's from the Deutsche Bank. So far as relates to the brewers fighting prohibition I personally would say, in the words of an ancient lay, that valid objection does not stand against "wot they done, but the nawsty way they done it." And furthermore the brewers are not to be blamed so much as Brisbane, who sinned against the light. He was on a higher intellectual height than they; the greater is his fall. And at that I don't mean to say that there is any essential identity between intellectuality and morality. ("You can say that freely, Bill," says one who looks over my shoulder as I write; "you are absolutely impartial, having neither.") The Brisbane exposure blasts Brisbane and it boosts prohibition powerfully. Which is as it is, but if we want the anti-prohibitionists to show their hand in the fight, why not the prohibitionists too? I have heard for years that prohibition was backed by the Rockefeller millions—or is it billions, seeing millions are "chicken feed" these days?

♦♦

Mr. Konta's Newspaper Analysis

SPEAKING about pro-German influence in our press, that was a most interesting story about Mr. Alexander Konta's discussions with Herr Doktor Dernburg about getting control of a New York daily paper. I have known Konta well for a quarter of a century. He is a romantic personality. He is now connected with George Creel's bureau of information or, as Senator Reed would move to amend, misinformation. That he is loyal I don't question. He was treasurer of the Democratic campaign in New York state in 1916. He is a Hungarian, from Buda-Pesth where he was a free lance aesthetic journalist. He married a St. Louis girl and trustified the St. Louis restaurants under the presidency of James H. McTague. The trust busted because the German proprietors of the consolidated cafés just couldn't serve as deputy managers under a man with such a name as McTague. They struck or bolted the game, busted the trust, tried to bust McTague, but couldn't: he survives and prospers but the trust cafés are gone. I met Konta two weeks ago to-day just as he came from the grand jury room, where he had told them all about his relations with Dernburg, and he told me what he had told the grand inquisition, just about as the story appeared in last Friday's daily papers. Dernburg wanted Konta to find out if any New York news-

paper could be bought for German propaganda. This was in 1915—two years before we were in the war. It was before the sinking of the *Lusitania*, which Konta says made him wash his hands of Germany. Konta undertook to get the facts. He got them. He put them in a letter to Dernburg. It is a good letter. It analyzes the general New York newspaper situation and each and every newspaper published there. It is a correct analysis—a chemical analysis, a Wasserman test, an x-ray photograph, a vivisection, an expert accountant's report. Every paper is showed up in its true character, strength and weakness, moral or financial. And Konta's conclusion was in effect that the only newspapers that could possibly be bought with German money were not worth buying. That was true. The Germans bought *The Evening Mail* for something more than a million, and, as George Sylvester Viereck—who, all condemned as he is for uncamouflaged pro-Germanism stands out superior to Brisbane—said "got nothing for their money." Konta did a full rounded and complete job of sizing up the New York newspapers for Dernburg. This was two years before we were in the war, when any American had a perfect right to be as much a partisan of Germany's as I was of the allies from the day the war "broke." Konta, as a man of Hungarian birth, was not doing anything disloyal to this country at that time. He was, at most, only ankylogetic in his international political vision, and he has better eyes now. But he's going to have a helluva time with his friends on the New York papers of which he wrote such a piquant anatomization to Dernburg. They won't like him because he's so thoroughly "onto" them.

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More Konta Letters

SOME other letters of Konta to Dr. Albert about some cloudy bet with him—Konta will bet on anything—are very "foxy" and leave a more disagreeable impression that he was doing something he knew he shouldn't do, even if we were not in the war, and his explanation of his exposure as due to Alien Enemy Property Custodian A. Mitchell Palmer's chagrin over the election of a "wet" candidate for governor of Pennsylvania again ties up the brewing interest with German propaganda. He calls on Mr. Palmer to tell us who was the man designated as "M. P." who was named by Germany's "special agent" Levy as a friend of the German cause likely to aid it, through his intimacy with President Wilson, in stopping export of ammunition to the allies and possibly in keeping American travelers off British ships. I shouldn't be surprised, if Mr. Palmer should reply to the Konta insinuation, to see the come-back take the form of another tremendous smashing exposure of the identification of the brewing interest with pro-Germanism as pursued by the German-American Alliance. The Levy letters about the mysterious "M. P." were published. They said that "M. P." had sounded or would sound the President as to his attitude and purpose towards Germany. At the time it was said that A. Mitchell Palmer was a Quaker and therefore a non-resistant pacifist, even in August, 1915, three months after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. I am afraid my friend Konta has "made a bad break" in his attack upon Palmer. People who were pro-German before we entered the war, or are now, should go cautiously, for the United States Secret Service is the largest and the best in the world and it has a lot of stuff bearing upon German activity here, that it has not yet made public and will not unless necessity should arise for doing so. Mr. Konta has probably discovered this with the turning up of those letters to Dr. Albert slightly antedating the latter's transfer of the *Evening Mail* to Dr. E. A. Rumely for \$1,600,000. Still, all this was before we were in the war, and since we went in, Mr. Konta has worked in the Hungarian section of George Creel's information bureau, though I don't believe he is in favor of the recognition of the Checoslovaks and its connoted programme of dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian empire. Mr. Konta's son is an attorney for Arthur Brisbane and possibly for

William Randolph Hearst and thus again from the camp of German sympathizers all roads are found leading to the inscrutable bean-pole man of the string of yellow newspapers across the country. Still, Mr. Konta is accused of nothing seditious or traitorous since April, 1917, unless indeed, as prohibitionists insist, his interest in a St. Louis brewing family, through marriage with a daughter of the house, makes him addict to "treason, stratagems and spoils."

♦♦

The Man From Missouri

THAT was a splendid article, "The Man" by John L. Hervey, in last week's MIRROR, in which the search was made for the general who would come out of the war with supreme honors as the shaper and achiever of victory. I pick "Black Jack" Pershing as the man—dangerous though prophecy be. Not alone because of his organizing the army or because of his superb delivery of the drive that broke the German morale, while heightening that of the allies, and now invests Metz, but because of two other things: his words at the tomb of Lafayette—"Lafayette, we are here!"—and his message to Lloyd-George, who said the news of the St. Mihiel assault was better to him than any physic, that the American army would shortly furnish the British premier with "more of the same medicine." The man who has the gift of laconism and of humor, the humor of the properly appraising view of large things—joined with military skill and the power to get perfect co-operation with all his men; that is the man who's likely to demonstrate himself the military genius of the war. Just watch "Black Jack" Pershing, of Missouri, if you please. He will loom in the history of the war as a figure complementary to that of Wilson, who gave the war its definition of purpose beyond mere defense. No disparagement is intended of men like Lloyd-George, Clemenceau, Foch, Haig and others. The situation indicates Pershing as the military genius—hard hitting as Grant, swift as Stonewall Jackson, chivalric as Lee and with the terseness of Caesar. I commend to my brilliant contributor Mr. Hervey a close study of "the man from Missouri" in Armageddon. Another good "man from Missouri" is General Enoch M. Crowder, who framed and operates the great draft law.

♦♦

The South Scores Again

PRESIDENT WILSON'S choice of an ambassador to Great Britain is—President Wilson's choice. That's all anybody knows of him. Oh, yes, I forgot; we know he's a Southerner too, but then that was what everybody suspected. The President is mighty good to the South. We might wish the chief executive otherwise, but for fifty years and more presidents and Providence and protective tariffs were mighty good to the North. There's nothing wrong with the South except the fact that its Democracy isn't democracy. And that's an important point, if you get me.

♦♦

Using Natural Resources

SENATOR THOMAS of Colorado, in expressing his impatience at a congressional deadlock on a measure for the leasing of government oil and gas lands, has declared that Secretary Daniels and Attorney General Gregory have usurped the functions of Secretary Lane and that this has been responsible for the delay in the production of oil, for which the demand is the greatest in the history of the world. So says the *Globe-Democrat*, and it proceeds to point out that there is a daily loss of millions of this horse-power in water power. Resources are to be used, but they cannot be used on the terms the government fixes. The *Globe-Democrat* insists that the terms should be arranged so that private capital can develop and use this power. It is needed for electrification of railways. Its utilization in that way would relieve the food shortage. The *Globe-Democrat* says the lease laws as to Alaskan coal lands prevent the digging of the coal there. This is a strong indictment.

The water power question is now in a muddle. A bill was drafted in the house to promote development

REEDY'S MIRROR

of the power by private capital but with provision for the "recapture" by the government, when necessary, of the water-power plants. The plants were to be taken over at "a fair valuation." That bill was withdrawn for "clarification." When it appeared again the bill was changed. Instead of providing that the licensee should have a permit for not more than fifty years and that then the government could take over the plant on a fair valuation, the new bill made the permit run for fifty years absolutely, with no power to grant shorter leases, and the government can assume control only by paying "the net investment." Every dollar put in by the licensee must be paid back and the government must take the initiative in all lease-renewals. This means that the private interests shall permanently possess the water-power plants. The conservationists say this is a "joker." President Wilson thinks it a joker. He does not approve of the change in the bill. He wants the bill as originally framed. Nevertheless the house has passed the "clarified" measure.

The water power of the country, the coal lands and the oil lands must not be forever given over to private control. They are not things for private ownership. They belong to all the people and should be operated for the public advantage. Already most of the coal and oil lands are forever alienated. They are used to extort tribute from the people. They are used by non-use. The non-used fields keep up the price of the product of the used fields. Water power must not so pass out of public control. Power must be cheapened rather than made dearer. The "owners" of sites and plants must not be put in position to play "dog-in-the-manger" and exact tribute from a growing population with growing needs. They must not be permitted to make the government pay what their mistakes and experiments cost them, and for everything that has been scrapped during half a century. They must not be allowed to hold up and shake down the country when it needs 250,000 miles of light railroads and when traction lines are near bankruptcy because of the cost of operation on coal. "A fair valuation" means what it says, and the government is always a generous buyer. "Net investment" means anything the licensee can work into the accounts.

Oil and gas and iron and lead and coal and pretty nearly everything else have been privately grabbed and are held against the public interest. It must not be so with what mineral lands are left and with the power of the country's streams. Private capital doesn't want leases at all. What it wants is ownership, or sovereignty. The nation and state will delegate no more sovereignty and ownership will be restricted. Private capital will have to accept the government's terms, for capital will never again be as "strictly private" as it was. But Secretary Lane is not the one who is locking up the oil lands. Senators Myers of Montana, chairman of the Senate Public Lands Committee, and Ashurst of Arizona, defend Lane, whose recommendations of patents for development are held up by Daniels and Gregory.



Cotton

It is asserted—and denied—that the President has definitely stated that he would fix the price of cotton. Senator Smith, South Carolina, makes the denial. The South wants a fixed price when cotton is down. It wants cotton let alone when prices are up. But with every other staple regulated why should cotton be immune?



Dead Crusades

ANOTHER thing the war has done away with is the anti-cigarette crusade. The crusade now is for plenty of the little smokes for the boys at the front. Gertrude Atherton wants chewing gum suppressed lest we inoculate our associates in the war with the "vulgar" and "disgusting" habit, but Ellis Parker Butler comes out in defense of the gum. It is of much grateful, refreshing effect upon the parched

mouths and throats of the fighters. Mr. Parker quotes the War Department thus: "It has been found that on long marches where troops are unable to get sufficient water chewing gum is very effective in relieving thirst. Recently the commanding officer of a regiment of field artillery, when embarking for overseas service, stated that 250 pounds of chewing gum would save several hundreds of gallons of water when most needed. He pointed out that chewing gum is cheap and that there are times when water is very expensive and almost unobtainable." He says the Quartermaster Corps placed orders for 2,300,000 packages of chewing gum. The American Red Cross is sending abroad 4,500,000 packages of chewing gum, each one labeled "Gift of the American Red Cross." Lord Northcliffe, in his lectures a year or two ago, urged the American people when sending parcels abroad to be sure to include chewing gum. The Canadian soldiers took chewing gum when they went "over there," and had it sent weekly. A big retail shop in Canada sent \$30,000 worth of chewing gum to Canadian soldiers last Christmas. The French commission of the American Red Cross cabled not long ago an urgent demand for chewing gum for use in the reconquered territory where the Germans had, in retiring, poisoned the wells and made thirst a matter of serious moment. Mr. Parker has an idea that when the War Department sends chewing gum to our army it means our army needs chewing gum. Moreover chewing gum is good for the teeth and if the French and English have got the habit they are the better for it and finally considering what our boys are doing on the other side, and what they are fighting to destroy forever, "worrying about chewing gum is about as important as fretting because some of our soldiers at St. Mihiel do not manicure their nails every morning." About the same line of argument goes as to the cigarette habit. And I think, too, that our soldiers who may go out to die to-morrow morning should not be denied a drink of any spirituous or malt liquor they may like this evening, the while they sing, "Here's a cup to the dead already, and hurrah for the next that dies." To the devil with all the fanatics who want to take all the joy of life out of the youngsters who are doing, daring, dying that life may be free for all the rest of us.



The Play Factories

NINETEEN new plays now running have been put on in New York city since September 1 and eleven since July 22, according to the table printed in the New York *Times*. How many plays have been put on and failed I don't know. Some dozen or more must have been tried on the dog in Washington, Hartford and such places and many of them withered under the frost of public disapproval. The oldest play on the Gotham boards just now is "Maytime," first presented August 16, 1917. Next oldest is "Tiger Rose" which had its premiere October 3, 1917. Play production is quite prolific. There are at least half a dozen new plays headed towards the metropolis. The reviews of recent plays are very critical. After reading the critiques I'm surprised that any of the plays survive. Those for which the critics predict long runs do not. Still the plays come. The *Times* says: "The theatrical business is none too profitable at this particular moment, and any number of attractions are tottering on the celebrated brink. The approaching bond drive is likely to close some eight or ten of the current shows, but such is the demand for houses at present that new pieces will doubtless succeed them promptly. What time they totter there will indubitably be others, and thus you have the endless circle." There must be as many playwrights at large as there are free verse poets and the Lord knows there is a sufficiency of the latter. When you add to the playwrights at large the scenario writers in confinement at the movie studios you begin to think that the dramatic output must be as copious as that of shells and other munitions. It is a relief to know that James Montgomery is not, as reported, going to write a play with a Ford car for the hero, with William Collier as leading man. The managers are protesting against the pro-

spective war tax of 20 per cent upon admissions. They say it will knock out attendance. Some of them, according to the *Times*, are considering a plan by which the additional 10 per cent will be paid by themselves instead of being passed on to the public. The head of one theatrical firm, whose judgment is not unlikely to be accepted by other managers, will advocate such a plan. The present law requires that the tax must be paid by the purchaser, but, inasmuch as the purpose of the act is primarily one of revenue, it is probable that an amendment could be secured. This is one of the things "too good to be true." If you hearken to the talk of playwrights and actors about managers you are disinclined to believe much good of them; but that is only until such time as you hear managers talk about the intractability and unreasonableness of writers and players. How those people ever get along together, considering their reciprocal hostility, is a mystery, but they contrive to do it without any calling out of the police reserves, and sixteen houses opened their doors with new pieces in the past two weeks. I guess that the antipathies between the managers and the others are not very deep, but is only temperamental.

Seeing that "Tiger Rose" at the Manhattan was such a popular success, I concluded to take it in and discover what kind of play the public wants hard enough to fill houses for so long a time. The star, Lenore Ulrich, is pretty. She has a few cuss words, rather mild, in her lines. Those cuss words always get the audience. Mr. William Courtleigh is a featured player. My goodness, but he's stodgy. There's an Irishman member of the Canadian mounted police who is unfunny and unheroic. There is in the play neither poetry, nor passion, nor character, nor cohesive construction, nor much humor. The story is tenuous and I don't know why the crazy old miner appears or whether he disappears. He has nothing to do with the Laura Jean Libbyish tale. There's a good mechanical thunder storm and a rosy-fingered dawn. Very Belasconian, the whole affair and to any judge of dramatic values, a great bore, except for the mystery of its success. If "Tiger Rose" is "what the public wants," God help the public and the playwrights.

I found more worth while in the eye-jag of color at the Hippodrome, with grand old De Wolf Hopper, elevated from the Winter Garden, as a sort of ringmaster for a show the most amusing feature of which is an act from "Panjandrum" of twenty years ago. The Hippodrome audience, more than five thousand, is one of the sights worth seeing in New York. It is impressive in its intentness upon what's going on upon the stage. And it's inspiring when it likes an act or a stage picture, as when the girls group themselves and with the aid of draperies become a battleship fully manned or when they climb golden ladders, throw out their capes and become a vast American flag rippling with fire. The Hippodrome show is called "Everything" and the Hippodrome packed house is a show that will, in a way, awe everybody.



Breaking the Ticket Scalpers

SPEAKING of things theatrical, District Attorney Swann is getting after the theater ticket speculators and promises to put them out of business. The war is responsible for this. The speculators were caught profiteering in tickets for the production "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," from the pen of Sergt. Irving Berlin and others for the benefit of the soldier boys. There was a great curiosity to see and hear the show which opened at the Century and moved over to a house on Lexington avenue. It is a good show, if a bit amateurish in some places, but it was for the benefit of the soldiers—not the ticket speculators. There are laws and ordinances against the scalpers I believe but they are not enforced. They can't well be enforced because the managers stand in with the grafters. When the managers howl against those fellows I am reminded of how the general passenger

agents of railroads used to pass resolutions denouncing ticket scalpers and then go back to their offices and send valises full of tickets to the detested scalpers to be sold at cut rates. There used to be a place on Forty-second street where the theater ticket scalpers disposed of their surplus stock for each day at very low prices. People in the know could at a late hour of the day get a choice of the best seats at three or four theaters and see a show for as low as fifty cents. Some of the Red Cross nurses used to see the choicest plays at that figure. They couldn't always see the show they wanted to see on a particular evening, but they certainly could on some evening, if they kept on contributing their fifty cents to a club or pool. I wonder if that most worthy institution has vanished? It was a going concern a year ago.

It will go, if it hasn't gone, when District Attorney Swann gets busy. All the speculators will have to "absquatulate." He says he has decided to put an end to the theater-ticket speculation business in Manhattan. He has had one hundred subpoenas served on all speculators along Broadway and also upon managers and owners of ticket offices in the theater districts, requiring them to appear at his office and show cause why their occupation should not be declared non-essential during the war. Mr. Swann has reached the conclusion that public interest requires the suppression of ticket speculation because of the situation he had found in his investigation of excessive profits made by speculators in the presentation of "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" for war charity. Those of the speculators capable of doing military service will have to go into the army. Those not capable will have to get into essential jobs. The speculators laugh. They say the county attorney has nothing to do with the matter of essential employment; that's a federal affair. Maybe the great war can abolish this evil, but I doubt it. Only the people can surely abolish it, by refusing to buy tickets of the scalpers. But the public won't. The public in New York—mostly an outside public—loves to be skinned. It likes to go back home and say, "You bet I saw the 'Follies' or 'She Walked in Her Sleep' even if it did cost \$5 a ticket for four of us—two of us cloak models and swell lookers from Gugleheimer's." There's no more chance of abolishing the ticket speculator than of abolishing the hat-taker's tip at the restaurants. Everybody kicks about it, but everybody coughs up. Maybe though the President could stop it if he issued a proclamation that the stoppage of ticket profiteering is a war necessity. Certainly New York "done noble" in giving up its Sunday automobiling on a mere request from the Fuel Administration, and it doesn't kick very hard at the sugar rationing or the butter rationing. New York is patriotic, for all its frenziedness over pleasure. I am told that wealthy folk are now saving chickens' feet for the making of chicken broth, as French chefs have done for ages. This is good conservation, as someone says, provided you can get the chicken—that is to say, the edible chicken. About giving up to the ticket speculator for the shows made up of the other kind of "chicken," undressed, I don't know. The feet of these latter are unimportant, but the legs . . . they alone are worth any old price of admission. However, here's the best of success to District Attorney Swann in his crusade.

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Burking the Referendum

WITH all deference to "those set over us in authority" I submit that the ruling of the attorney general's office that the United Railways ordinance cannot be submitted to referendum on either the regular ballot or a special ballot at the election in November is bosh. The charter of St. Louis says that such ordinances shall be submitted at the first general election at which they may be legally submitted. A general election so far as St. Louis is concerned is any election at which St. Louisans generally can vote. Because the ordinance to be submitted applies only to St. Louis, because it is only a local matter, is nothing against its submission. The attorney gen-

eral's office ruling on this point looks like accessorism-after-the-fact to the burglary of the referendum petitions. The referendum check on legislation must not be permitted to be burked by such opinions that have no validity in law. It may possibly be that the burglary of the petitions to set aside the ordinance is not proof conclusive that the ordinance is a bad one, but in this matter the goodness or badness of the ordinance is not so important as the principle of the referendum itself. That must not be nullified, for if it should be the way would be opened up again for the rule of boodle in municipal legislation.

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Polluted Patriotism and Political Idiocy

Poor old Missouri! She has a scandal in her State Council of Defense. The members of that body, or some of them, want to force the resignation of the secretary, Mr. William Flewellyn Saunders, for publishing a statement reflecting on Mr. Joseph W. Folk when he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for United States senator. If he won't resign, the treasurer, Mr. William H. Lee, won't honor his cheques. The National Council of Defense refuses to intervene at Mr. Saunders' request. Mr. Saunders refuses to resign. Mr. Saunders is right. He issued the statement, designed to affect unfavorably the political fortunes of Mr. Folk and to aid his opponent Mr. Wilfley, at the suggestion, with the connivance, under the authorization of the executive officers of the council—all of them desirous of defeating Folk. It was a foul thing to do, but the statement was prepared by members of the council, though signed by Mr. Saunders. Now the men who made him do the act want to punish him for that act, in order to save their own faces. One of the men who want to do this is the governor of the state, for the political benefit of whose political protege the foolish and unfair thing was done. The man who wrote the statement is the attorney general of the state. The chairman approved its publication. It was the act of those men, not of Mr. Saunders, though he should not have obeyed, as it seems he knew, from the care he took to secure the authorization as a defense against the criticism he knew the statement would evoke. Treasurer Lee did the right thing in holding up funds in order to bring out the facts. The facts disclose a patriotic organization using its power and prestige to injure a man with whom they differ in politics. The men who got Saunders to do what he did should resign. They are caught dirty-handed in political profiteering. It is no defense that they, like almost everyone who hates Governor Folk, let their hate overthrow their reason and their sense of justice, to say nothing of decency. The fate of Saunders is to be decided this Thursday. I hope he will refuse to resign and will show up thoroughly the men who want to make him the scapegoat of their idiocy. If they "fire" Mr. Saunders for doing what they made him do, the people will settle with the pismire politicians—governor, attorney general and the rest.

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The Return of Mr. Chubb

MR. PERCIVAL CHUBB, of the Ethical Society, is good for this town. He stings it awake every time he says anything about it. He is now back from his Sabbatical year, which wasn't very Sabbatical because of his engagement in various forms of war activity, and the first thing he says is that the person coming into the Union Station gets the impression that this is a musty, fusty, dusty, rusty town. We should spruce up, he advises, and he's right, as he was a year or more ago in his criticism of the sloppy triviality of our newspapers, their innocence of intellectual or aesthetic interest. He will resume his place as leader of the local Ethical Society on Sunday, September 29, with a talk on "The Functions of an Ethical Leader in War Time." That is a subject upon which he, as one of the most distinguished men in the cultural movement, will have something critically constructive to say and say it very well indeed. His vision will be fixed probably on the need of the people in an ethical or, if you will, a spiritual way, after the war. What will the war

do, or what should it do, to our philosophy and, through our philosophy, to our conduct? After the introductory address he will take up the moral aspects of the war aims and upon material considerations that have a moral bearing. Mr. Chubb will discuss later Professor Adler's book "An Ethical Philosophy of Life" and William James' gospel as affecting America. In addition to this programme he has a large one for the development of the society's parochial activities, the Sunday Assembly and the Young People's Association. Mr. Chubb isn't as well known to St. Louis as he should be. He has been a teacher, writer, sociologist and philosopher. He was for ten years with the local government board in London. His interests are of wide range, from Fabian socialism to popular or communal pageantry, with almost everything human in between. He is the author of many books, and good ones. A new one has been completed but is as yet unpublished. After his absence of a year I doubt not he will be greeted by a large audience at Sheldon Memorial next Sunday morning. And I bet he will say something that will start a lot of people thinking out of the beaten track.

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An Object Lesson in Law and Order

A POLICEMAN who arrested a police commissioner for violating the ordinance with regard to parking automobiles was reprimanded by the police board and dropped from the traffic squad. In Germany, was it, this example of the superiority of the *hochwohlgeboren* was demonstrated? Not at all. It happened here in St. Louis. Need we wonder that the police are afraid to act against anybody in position, with a pull? We have our privileged classes for whom laws do not exist. Try to prosecute some gangster, who is an election worker, for theft or assault and discover how the police and the court machinery are fixed against you, to wear out your patience and make you drop the case. Why should any policeman be zealous in performing his duty if he is likely to be rebuked and "broken" for doing it against some politician who occupies public office or some plug-ugly who helps carry primaries? The governor should discipline the police commissioners who disciplined a policeman for very properly arresting the president of the board. But will the governor do it? He will not. He will, on the contrary, use all his power to force the resignation from office of a man whose offense is that he turned a dirty political trick at the behest of the governor and the attorney general of the state.

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Labor Enveloping the Steel Trust

THE United States Steel Corporation has adopted the eight-hour day in all its shops. Four weeks ago I wrote that the steel trust would consent to the unionization of its plants. Four weeks hence probably I shall be pleased to announce that the corporation has done what the spirit and the need of the times demand it shall do in this matter. President Gary talks to-day about maintaining the open shop, but he will change his talk. How is the closed shop to be successfully opposed in the face of the tendency manifest in the statement, attached to the steel trust's eight-hour day concession, that President A. C. Dinkey of the Midvale Steel and Ordnance company and its subsidiary, the Cambrai Steel company, has invited all the employes of those concerns to meet with officers of the company to consider a plan whereby the workers hereafter will have representation in all matters governing their relations with the corporation?

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Another Bureau

BUREAUCRACY goes, or comes, marching on. Formation of a war service committee of the retail dry goods and department store trade is expected to result from a conference to be held at the national capital October 2 and 3 at the call of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The establishment of such a committee uniting the nearly 40,000 retail dry goods and department stores of the coun-

try would provide a body with which the government can deal in connection with problems of conservation such as Christmas buying. On its face this is only individualistic co-operation, but its trend is in the direction of the development of governmental machinery the manipulators of which will never let go their hold. This sort of thing may be necessary, doubtless is, just now, but after a while as a thing established all presumption will be in its favor and there will be found fervently supporting its continuance a lot of people who will have come to feel that they have a vested interest in jobs created by the exigencies of the war. There will be seven million soldiers and sailors who will stand by and for everything that has been done in the war. Bureaucracy is growing in power every day. It's just as well for some of us to begin thinking about how we are going to dismantle and scrap it, or perhaps divert it to useful, reconstructive work after the war.

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More Tools and Fools

MORE peace offensive! The cables tell us that the Reichstag faction of the Social Democratic party resolved at a meeting Monday to approve participation of the members of the party in a new government which may be formed under certain limitations. The conditions include unrestricted indorsement of the Reichstag peace resolutions of July, 1917, together with a declaration in favor of Germany's joining a league of nations based on a peaceable settlement of all disputes and general disarmament. The Associated Press says that the resolutions contain non-committal declarations on the restoration of Belgium, on an understanding regarding indemnities, on the restoration of Serbia and Montenegro and a declaration that the peace treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest must not hinder the conclusion of peace. They urge that civil administration over all occupied territories be given upon the conclusion of peace to democratic parliaments which are to be established forthwith. Autonomy for Alsace and Lorraine is also provided for in the resolutions, which also declared for universal, equal, secret and direct suffrage, for all the German federal states. The Associated Press says "There is good reason to believe that the programme adopted by the Social Democratic faction of the Reichstag was not only inspired by the German government but actually embodies Germany's peace terms." These matters, more especially relating to international affairs, were sprung on the public through the "inspired" press soon after Foch broke the German drive and drove it back.

The resolutions say nothing of Germany's surrendering what she has seized of Russian territory. That is now the issue chiefly involved in the war. The allies will not recognize the Brest-Litovsk and the Bucharest treaties. They were not treaties but a bad combination of trickery and duress. Nor will the allies stand for "democratic parliaments" in occupied territories, with those parliaments picked and packed by Germany. The nations that thrash Germany will disarm her first. They will not permit her to disarm them. They will disarm when she is harmless. I don't think these resolutions will start off the Socialists in allied countries crying for acceptance of such terms. Socialism's *morale*, so far as it had any, was destroyed by the revelations of the subserviency of Bolshevism to the German military power. The Socialists of the world, outside of Germany, do not now trust German Socialism in anything it says. Scheidemann is known as the Kaiser's tool, as Lenin and Trotzky were both tools and fools. The Socialists no more than others will abide by the betrayal of both Socialism and Russia. It is not probable that the resolutions can gain friends among French defeatists because of the Alsace-Lorraine terms. These imperially inspired Socialist resolutions cannot now introduce division among the people of the allied countries. The Russian revelations have destroyed all prospect of that. The world knows what use the German rulers have for the friends of international brotherhood and peace. This peace offensive will fail.

REEDY'S MIRROR**Songs of the Unknown Lover**

(Copyright, 1918, by William Marion Reedy.)

THE POOL

THERE is a dear weariness of love,
Hand relaxed in hand
And shoulder at rest upon shoulder—

And to me that pool of weariness is more wonderful
Than crater, cataract,
Maelstrom, earthquake. . . .

For it is a double pool
In which lie, silent,
The golden fishes of sleep.

*LAUGHTER*

Between your laughter and mine
Lies a sword of shadow,
For yours is innocent
But mine knows.

You had sat abstracted by the touch
Of dreaming strings
Of an old guitar
When in the center of the room
A crystal dish cracked for no reason.

Then you darted with joy to the pieces,
Like a fish to a crumb,
And held between your thumbs and your fingers
Two fragments of laughter.

*THE HOUR*

I was glad of the night that hid my face. . . .

For your hand touching me
Was the stroke of an hour
In sickness,
Was the fire of ice.

THE BOATMEN

A nearing benison of boatmen singing—
Can they be bringing to me a new wonder?

They are waiting in the night, as for a passenger.
But who would embark now with no light at all?

The dark is shaking like a tambourine—
They are taking my old wonder.

*THE CATARACT*

Over the edge of the days
My wonder has fallen
To be scattered and lost away,
Down from the temples of my love of you. . . .

From the temples of blue jade
The downward flight of all the Chinese angels
Diving together,
With their white phoenixes attendant,
Wings, tail-feathers, arms, voices intertwining,
All heaven falling,
Green with the touch of earth,
Grievous with laughter,
Embracing, thrown apart,
And then, below,
Inwound
For the upward flight again,
The crested flight,
To the temples of blue jade. . . .

Over the edge of the days
My wonder has fallen.

THE DUSK

The dusk came across the hill,
Holding a red moon,
And I danced with her,
Feeling and following her starry steps
Till she turned and gave the moon
To the swarthy night
And slipped away without explaining.

*LAMENT*

There is a chill deeper than that of death
In the return of the beloved and not of love.
And there is no warmth for it
But the warmth of a world which needs more than
the sun—
Or the warmth of lament for beauty
Which is graven on many stones.

And yet I would be with you a little while,
Dear ghost.
I will endure even the marsh-mist on my throat
And the fingers of the moon.

*DAWN*

The moon,
A round red wonder,
Came moving up swiftly
From behind the black hill of night. . . .
And soon it was silver forever
And there was no change. . . .

Until at last its time came
And it set,
And its setting was as gray as a corpse
Among the flowers of dawn.

*THE CROWN*

And it is you
For whom the sun and all the stars
Made but a starveling's crown,
So azure was your presence
And so beamed with light.
You were the earth in which I would have laid me
down,
The sea in which I would have drowned.
But the earth is dead now
And the sea cold,
And the sun and all the stars now
Are changed—
Leaving your head dishonored and uncrowned.
The sun is an ache on my own temples now
And the moon an icy cap, my cap,
The cap of a fool,
And I shake the stars for bells.

*BOUNTY*

I loved you
But you are gone.
And since there is so much in life,
Why then should I care,
Having loved you,
That you are gone?

When a cloud-barred lantern of sun
Fades and is gone
Shall I be its puff of smoke?
Or its pole
To bear it aside
For the new lighting?

*COINS*

I am a miser of my memories of you
And will not spend them.
When they were anticipations
I spent them
And bought you with them,

But now I have exchanged you for memories,
And I will only pour them from one hand into the
other
And back again,
Listening to their
Clink,
Till someone comes
Worth using them
To buy . . .
Then I will change them again into anticipations.

AN END

As though it mattered,
As though anything mattered,—
Even laughter!

For in the end there shall be no one to tell
Whether it was laughter
Or weeping.

(To be continued)



Celia

By J. L. H.

WE are in despair about Celia—but there is absolutely nothing to be done. Celia came to us six months ago and in that time has won our hearts completely. She presides in the kitchen, but she could just as easily grace the parlor. Perhaps you know the type—a type now seldom found in the American kitchen—the type most succinctly described as charming. Well—that is Celia.

Celia is twenty-three. She is Polish, pure Polish, in blood. She in no wise resembles the lower-class Pole, or Polack, but strangely resembles the upper-class woman of her race, a woman who has often been pronounced the most charming in the world. Celia is slim and graceful, very graceful, in all her ways and movements. She glides about the house more like a presence than a person, she is never obtrusive, never where she is unwanted, and always where she is wanted. When she enters a room, or leaves it, while she never tiptoes or slinks, you are scarcely conscious of her coming or going, unless you take particular notice. It is just her way. And everything that she does is done just that way.

It is also done perfectly. Celia is that rare and exquisite gem, a born cook. Everything that she prepares for the table is toothsome, and most things are delicious. Her pastry melts in one's mouth—and she has a way of doing potatoes that cause them to linger in the memory as a thing to dream of, an epicurean delight. The table, when she has laid it and served the breakfast, dinner, or tea upon it, is something that one hates to disturb the beauty of. It is not only well arranged, but there is, in addition, that touch of fine taste that lifts the ensemble to the plane of the artist's handiwork.

Beyond cooking, Celia knows how to do everything that there is to do in a well-conducted household and do it more than well. It is impossible that a human being could be more scrupulously neat, more immaculately clean, both personally and in all that she does. No matter how mussed the work that she may happen to be engaged in, she never gets mussed herself. She never breaks anything, never tears anything, never loses anything, never burns anything. She is a wonderful manager and out of odds and ends will fabricate things almost worthy of a Parisian chef.

Without ever being effervescent, she is always pleasant and pleasing to have about. Her large brown eyes possess, perhaps, capacities for latent fire, but we have never seen anything but a soft glow in them. Below them is the soft oval of her face, with its complexion of an ivory but healthy pallor, her sensitively moulded lips and finely chiseled nos-

trils. Above is a fair, broad, but not low forehead, crowned with masses of rich brown hair with golden glints in it and waving naturally. For the masses of this hair millions of women of fashion would give any amount of money—while for her figure, which is aristocratically slim without being skinny or scrawny, they would give much more.

Celia spends very little upon her clothing, but in a plain gingham one-piece dress she looks the perfect lady. In her one party gown she is lovely. And in her wedding gown, of white net, which, incidentally, she made herself, unassisted, she is a vision. She put it on the other evening for us, after she had finished it, and her veil, that we might judge of them and her in them. And truly, there was no chancel or altar that she would not have adorned.

I said we were in despair about her, and of course you will understand that it is about her getting married. To lose such a jewel, after six months' possession, enabling the full appreciation thereof! The thought, the knowledge—for Celia goes next Tuesday—is something tending to drive the loser to a deplorable state of mind, with the temperature at 100 plus and "help" of any kind at any price among those things fast waxing unattainable. But we are not really grieving about that. No—it is about Celia herself. And, as I have stated, there is absolutely nothing to be done.

Celia and Frank have been keeping company for four years, and the priest has promulgated an ultimatum. Either they must get married or quit. And as Celia is one of the devoutest of Catholics, to whom the priest's word is law, and as she does not want to give Frank up, they are going to be married next week.

You will realize the tragedy when I tell you about Frank. Frank, by most of the people in the village (a village adjacent to a large city and classified as a "suburban town," inhabited chiefly by commuters) is regarded as a "bum." Just at present he is working on the railroad. A little while back he was driving an ice wagon. Previously he had done many other things similar. And a good portion of the time he seemed to be doing nothing in particular. He lives in a small room over the barber shop and eats at the lunch counter at the depot for the most part. His general appearance is sloppy, when it isn't worse. And even when he comes around in the evening to see Celia, he has that look of having slept in his clothes. Apparently he is as stout as a stevedore. I asked Celia why he wasn't in France and she said that Frank had been rejected from the draft because of some physical infirmity which made him unfit for service—I doubt if she knows just of what kind.

And this is Frank, whom she proposes to marry next week! He has absolutely nothing, except what he earns as one of the "gang" on the railroad. And she has nothing of her own. For Celia is one of a large family of children. She has been "working out" for four years now. At first, she was allowed only ten cents per week for spending-money by her mother. Later on this was raised to a quarter. She still takes her wages regularly home and her mother dictates how they shall be spent. Her total expenditure for her trousseau has not exceeded fifty dollars. She is an accomplished needle-woman and has hired nothing done. Her "things" are very simple and very simply made, though she looks charming in all of them. The only household articles that she will take into the "home" which she and Frank propose to make for themselves in a couple of cheap rooms somewhere are, so far as we know, some tablecloths and napkins of very modest quality which she is now, at stray moments, hemming beautifully.

"But, Celia," says her mistress, "how on earth do you expect to live? You have nothing, Frank has nothing—that is, nothing but his earnings from day to day or week to week. And you know how everything costs now! You do not expect to keep on working yourself, you say. But suppose that infirmity of Frank's should disable him? Or something else like that? Where would you be? What would

you do? And by that time, you know, there may be more than you and Frank to provide for!"

And Celia listens respectfully and attempts few arguments in reply but steadily pursues her course, which is to end—or begin, as you will—with her marrying Frank next week. When pushed, she only says rather vaguely that "she can manage with very little until they begin to get ahead."

But how, in heaven's name, are they ever going to get ahead? How, particularly, is Frank going to do so? He never has so far—he has never been anything more than a "floater." Life as he has lived and is living it seems to please him, to satisfy him, very well. He has no trade or profession. And his reputation, in and about the village is rather that of a "bum." Not that he has ever done anything really "bad." He hasn't. But he is that type, that sort, which, when they do something bad, never causes any surprise, but an "I told you so."

We have implored Celia to stay with us and promised her, if she would, that we would find her a husband much worthier than Frank of such a wife as infallibly she will make any man she marries. But to these propositions she turns a deaf ear. It is Frank she wants and Frank she is determined to have.

The problem is, I suppose, one of those old but inscrutable ones, psychological in part, perhaps almost psychopathic in some aspects, involving the sexual attractions and reactions. Nobody has ever explained these things, though many have attempted to. And nobody ever can. Perhaps some of the factors that enter into them can, in an obscure way, be "sensed"—but understood, rationalized—that is impossible.

The charming, ladylike, refined, almost delicate Celia, spotless and immaculate in person and conduct, with a natural liking for a more or less luxurious environment, an innate appreciation for the courtesies, the comforts and the so-called "better things," picks out and cleaves to, regardless, the roustabout section-hand, ex-iceman and habitual floater, Frank, the hulking, sloppy bum, who sleeps over the barber shop, eats at the depot lunch counter and lives on the low plane of human animality that just escapes the disreputable and the vagabond.

Talking of "social problems," eh?

Of course I know what the sentimentalists will say. They will applaud Celia and draw glowing pictures of how she will "make a man" of Frank and the prosperity in which they will eventually abide "in their own home," etc., etc.—you know the rest. But, unfortunately for those rainbow chasers, there are the realities—viz., that of the Celias who marry Franks (and many of them have done so) not one in a thousand has ever made anything out of any of them that wasn't manifest beforehand. All they have achieved has been a squalid existence, but too often terminating in a tragedy, such a tragedy as you read of every morning in the papers, or as pass in endless procession, and always will pass, through the Court of Domestic Relations. We think so much of Celia that we cannot but try, and try hard, to see something different. But facts are facts. And the fact is that she has about one chance in a thousand.

How can a girl with the intelligence, the fine feeling, that she seems to possess, escape the conviction of this? Is she living in a dream just now? Apparently she is. And the awakening—but she is not thinking of that!

And this is the whole story about Celia. As I have said, we are quite in despair about it. But Celia is happy. There is only one thing that flecks her happiness. Being so good a Catholic as she is, she dearly longs to be married in church. But as Frank isn't a Catholic, she cannot, so they are to be married in the parish-house. I don't think that Frank is much of anything religiously—either Catholic or otherwise. If he were of the same faith as Celia, one might understand, perhaps, that this had drawn and kept them together. But he isn't, and that only adds to the mystery.

Yes—it's a funny old world, after all and all the while.

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Letters From the People

George III Explained

New York, Sept. 18,
149 West Twelfth street.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Occasionally we are reminded nowadays that a king more German than English ruled Great Britain during the American revolution, but it is well for us to refresh our memories, or on occasion set them right, regarding the attitude of Englishmen generally toward the war against the colonies. Our school histories tell us of the eloquence of Edmund Burke's denunciation, but they leave us ignorant of the fact that Burke was not alone, but in the majority, in thinking the colonists were fighting for the liberties of all Englishmen.

In Sir George Trevelyan's history of the revolution will be found a truer picture of George the Third's uncompromising attitude and of the cordial friendship most Englishmen felt for the provincials than will be found in American chronicles. "No Protest," he writes, "phrased decorously enough to be admitted upon the Journals of the House of Lords, could have adequately expressed the sentiments of George the Third to-

wards his subjects beyond the water;" and again: "He looked on Americans not as foreign enemies arrayed against England, but as Englishmen who wanted more liberty than he thought good for them; and he sent his fleets and his armies against them just as he would have ordered his Footguards to support the constables in clearing the streets of a mob of Wilkites."

The English historian tells how Sir Jeffrey Amherst declined to command the British forces against the colonists, although the king offered him a peerage. "In the disagreeable and disastrous war which was at hand," he observes, "titles were of use rather for the purpose of tempting men into active service than of rewarding them when they returned from it." He names army officers who resigned rather than aid an unjust cause. It became necessary to procure forces elsewhere, and George the Third's futile effort to hire them from Catherine of Russia is duly recorded, with her shrewd rebuke, that it would be an ill compliment from her to him should she consent to a course of action implying that he was one of those monarchs who could not put down his own rebellions.

As Elector of Hanover, George could and did recruit forces there, but most of

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the German mercenaries he sent against the Americans were Hessians; and the English historian is no more unsparing than our own in setting down the facts about Hessian rapacity.

But the best indication of English temper toward the war, in Trevelyan's opinion, is shown in the market records of British government securities. The price of consols fell five points during the opening five months of 1776, from 88 on the first of January to 83 on May 24. Elaborating that point, Trevelyan says:

The city had been firmly persuaded that the knot of colonial discontent could never be cut by the sword. The funds always fell after British defeats, and never very visibly recovered themselves in consequence of a British victory. In August, 1774, before the revolution began, the three per cent consols stood at 89. A month before the news of Long Island arrived in London they were at 84; a fortnight after that news they were at 82; and that was all the

shared with the court and the cabinet in the delusion that the colonies could be subdued by arms.

Sir George Trevelyan's "The American Revolution" was completed in 1909, long before anyone could have foreseen that America and Great Britain were to be allied in war. Now that they are making common cause for the same principles of liberty which drove the American colonist to arms, his volumes make good reading.

SILAS BENT.

♦♦♦

Voices Buried in the Air

Occasionally operators at wireless stations report that they have heard sounds of voices, music, tramping of crowds, and explosions of sound for which they cannot account. It is supposed that in some as yet not understood way the vibrations of the wireless pick up these sounds. The operators say that the air does not suffer from "attenuation" as wires do, and that they believe that the wireless station will eventually be able to pick up sound at any distance. If this be true, we may indeed be on the eve of an electric miracle (says the *Los Angeles Times*). It may be possible that in the future the voices of the past will be brought back to us on the waves of the air. Here is the theory:

Vibrations of all sounds are thrown into the air and remain there for some time. This is shown by the length of time required for the echo to return to its starting point, by the length of time which elapses between the sending and the receiving of a wireless call, and by the fact that sound travels to us, as is indicated by the little pause which can be perceived before we hear what we have already seen. The air envelope around the earth, however, is only fifteen miles deep. Outside of that radius vibrations cannot carry. This has been demonstrated by the kites which the Weather Bureau has used for a number of years to help in the prediction of temperatures. Now, from all this evidence, we have this deduction: The earth is a ball whirling around in space with an envelope of air fifteen miles thick, an envelope which must have absorbed all the sounds that have been made since the world began.

The question is, where are those sounds? They must be somewhere. They must be within the radius of fifteen miles, unless their vibrations have died out, and recent experiments have shown, it is contended, the probability that vibration is the real perpetual movement. The range of the wireless is something over 3,000 miles; so that, even at this comparatively early day in electrical science, it may be that we are beginning to pick up these vibrations. Wireless operators are always complaining of "breaks" in their transmissions, queer, odd, sounds, which seem almost articulate, and which cannot be accounted for on any other ground than that of some phenomena connected with the lingering vibrations of other days.

♦♦♦

"Remember, my son," said his mother as she bade him good-bye, "when you get to camp try to be punctual in the morning, so as not to keep breakfast waiting."—*Life*.

Words

In a letter to one of our newspapers the other day, a reader protested against the entrance of the adjective "gentle" into the weather man's vocabulary. "Light winds," he declared, had always been a phrase adequate for everybody, but "gentle" was an insufferable substitution, suggestive of all manner of effeminacy, and any self-respecting mariner, he felt sure, would weigh anchor rather than go forth under the decadent auspices of a "gentle" wind.

We ourselves are not seafaring, and perhaps that is the reason why the weather man's variation in style did not so deeply move us. But we readily admit the general point; words are important and some of our officials are seriously unhappy in their use. Our British cousins are, we think, somewhat more bull-headed in this respect than are we. For instance, when rationing went into effect in England, some misguided administrator of the public weal caused such delicacies as beef tongue, liver, sweetbreads, calf's brains and all their palatable like to be listed in the markets and bruited in the press and posed up in placards and written all over printed regulations, as "offal," with the quite understandable result that the demand for these beef-conserving substitutes promptly dropped to an alarming extent.

And it will be the same way with the "standardized" clothing which is now available in London at 84 shillings the suit. As a matter of fact, the great number of us nowadays do wear "standardized" clothing—hats, suits, shirts, shoes, all turned out by factories repeating the same cut and the same pattern a million times over. We know this but we do not want to be told it, and the wise advertiser announces his styles as "teeming with individuality," as "clothes that are different;" cannily he cries up "the personal touch" with which his garments are most certainly not endowed. But even though the purchaser knows in his heart these things are not true, even though he may meet his hat or his necktie ten times in a ten-minute walk down a crowded avenue, he is content. It is not the fact, it is the feeling that matters, and who, we ask the reader, who could be comfortable in what has been noised throughout the length and breadth of England as "standardized suits for males?"

Probably we here at home would have much less of the trouble we are headed for in the matter of a luxury tax could our legislators somehow retire that word "luxury." The man who keeps two chauffeurs, the woman who buys hundred dollar hats, these people do not like to be told such things are luxuries for they no longer take any particular pleasure in them. The expenditure has become a habit and to confuse what is habitual with what is necessary is the easiest thing in the world. There is no doubt that if our lawmakers were to describe as actually needful all our indulgences from the butler and the Rolls-Royce, the orchids and the sables, down to the very least of these details of appearance which indicate what we not untruly call our "station in life;" if they would let their odious tax be known as

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something noble such as a "sacrifice tax," emphasizing our deprivations rather than our misvaluations, the impost would present far fewer difficulties.

Of course, this will not be done and the very fact points to the power of the word, a power sometimes extraordinarily strong to pierce our little deceptions and sophistries. A man can spin you a great argument these days, showing that what are luxuries to some are harshest necessities to others; he will dissertate upon the complexities of modern life and instance you this and that in such profusion that you begin to believe there is nothing under the sun save what is of highest necessity to make this world continue going around. Yet war strides up and punctures the whole defense with a single word, and there is no getting past that word.

There are times when it is right and good to manipulate the phrase to suit our sensibilities. If the blunt words fall short of the thing we want them to symbolize, we may, in the interests of the ideal, tint them up, for we are not thereby attempting to evade the truth; rather are

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we striving to reach and proclaim it. But when we try by words to escape from the issue; when we seek to call our defects by the names of the virtues, when we endeavor to hold off a right inevitably by the subterfuge of a word, then we are acting very badly and the truth is sure to find us out, and promptly put the pressure on us. America's moral obligation to enter the war was, after the first year at least, unmistakable; it became increasingly imperative with every month since May, 1915, yet we sought to ward off that right conclusion

of our self-interest by "armed neutrality;" how helpless the phrase proved before the impact of the truth!

Nevertheless, we Anglo-Saxons come out rather better in our attitude towards words than do the Germans. The boche has the utmost contempt for what he calls our "hypocrisy" and we must confess he has no little ground for his contempt. But on the other hand he can never distinguish between our cowardly little evasions and our attempts to express the occasional glimpse of that high truth which lies beyond mere facts. In

that distinction lies civilization itself.—*From The Villager.*

♦♦♦
Traffic Cop—Come on! What's the matter with you?

Truck Driver—I'm well, thanks, but me engine's dead.—*Buffalo Express.*

♦♦♦
Farmer—Here's your hoe, your rake, and your spade.

Fashionable Worker—Quite so. And where's my caddy?—*Kansas City Journal.*

Coming Shows

"Odds and Ends" now running at the Shubert-Jefferson has proved so popular with the St. Louis theatre-going public that Manager Lighton has arranged to continue it through the coming week. The production is largely a burlesque on shows that played here last season. Jack Norworth sings some catchy songs and Harry Watson makes a liberal contribution to the fun; Bettie Parker has the chief female role. There are sixteen scenes and two acts, plentifully interspersed with whistleable songs.

❖
Griffith's "Hearts of the World" will open its fourth week at the American with next Sunday's matinee. More than one hundred thousand people have seen this picture in the less than three weeks it has been showing in this city and the demand for reservations continues unabated. There is a general impression that this is a war play but it is more truly a romance in the midst of battles, gas attacks and other war scenes.

❖
Elsa Ryan, late star of "Peg o' My Heart," will head the Orpheum bill next week in a lively one-act play called "Peg for Short." Another playlet is "The Lincoln Highway," a road-agent stage story written by Lt. Paul Dickey of the U. S. marine corps. Other numbers will be Sidney Grant, musical comedy favorite; Truly Shattuck, who starred in "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with a new stage partner, Emma O'Neil; Marion Harris, who calls herself "syncopation's scintillating star;" Elza Ruegger, cellist, and Grace Marcia Lewis, soprano, rendering classical music; Ward brothers, comedians; Sterling Marguerite trio, athletes and aerialists; and the Travel Weekly.

❖
Frank Manning, Harry Shaw and Flo Ring with a company of twenty singers and dancers will bring the "Junior Mimic World of 1918" to the Grand Opera House next week. The programme also includes Diaz' monks; Crowley and Emerson in "Right and Wrong;" Barlow and Deerie in song and patter; Wilson and Wilson; and the latest comedy pictures.

❖
Jean Bedini's "Puss Puss" will open at the Gayety for a week's engagement next Sunday afternoon. This is a Parisian novelty with two musical revues and high-class vaudeville acts. Besides Mr. Bedini the cast includes Clark and McCallough, the tramp comedians; Irving White, Kalso brothers, Roy Sears, Helen Loroyne, Fifi DeHaur, Babe Wright, May Mayers and the famous Puss Puss kitten chorus.

❖
The current attraction at the Columbia is Geraldine Farrar in "The Turn of the Wheel," an excellent film production in which she is given unusual dramatic opportunities and is assisted by well-known screen actors. Brotherly love and its sacrifices are beautifully visualized. The six Provenants, expert bicyclists, head the vaudeville part of the bill; followed by Ray Snow, "the man about town," in a new line of comedy; the three Moriarty girls in a singing and dancing act; Kenny and Rhea in a dance diversion; La Van and Dobbs, acrobats; Mack Sennett comedies and Universal current events.

❖❖❖

First German Statesman (apprehensively)—Do you think there is anything in this reported German invasion?

Second Ditto (gloomily)—There are millions in it.—*Baltimore American*

❖❖❖

The man who had made his pile was at last happy. He had managed to squeeze himself into a very exclusive golf club. On his first visit he looked around for a possible partner at a game, and approached a stout gentleman, whose deportment suggested social standing. "Certainly, sir," replied the latter, in answer to the newcomer's invitation. Then, as they approached the first tee, he went on: "By the way, I'm a four man. What are you?" The novice was startled, but after a minute's consideration he said: "Foreman, are ye? Well, I'm a straw 'at manufacturer."



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WINTER GARDEN
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Mixing the Metaphor

"I'll concede that Dr. Metzger is a good dentist," said Samuel J. Jamison, "but he hasn't got the head to fill the shoes of Dr. Rhome."—Times of Cuba.

♦♦♦

When David Jackson, colored, of Brooklyn, New York, was arrested for failing to register in the draft he represented the remarks of officials who were convinced he was trying to avoid service. An indictment having been returned against him on the day of his arrest, he

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was arraigned before the United States district court. "Ah ain't no slacker," he said. "Ah can fight any ten Germans you pick out. Just hold up the first ten Huns that come along here and Ah'll show you what Ah can do. Ah'll lick them one at a time or all together, and not even use a gun." "Do you want to go into the army?" asked Judge Garvin. "Ah sure do," replied Jackson. "Why didn't you register?" "Oh, Ah know nothin' about your fussy old laws," said the negro. "All Ah want to do is fight." He was inducted into the army.

Marts and Money

It's a firm, though hesitant market in Wall street. There's confident, unobtrusive buying at favorable moments, and the depressionistic crew is not inclined, therefore, to operate in assertive fashion. The steady absorption of desirable issues is not hindered importantly by words of caution from high financial circles. It is mostly for the account of people who are not obliged to seek loans from brokers and who intend to hold until the long-expected forward movement at last manifests itself in bold manner. It is quite significant that in the past few days various leading stocks should have advanced three to four points in the face of repressive tactics on the part of financiers. Purchases for short account were only slightly responsible for the phenomenon. In the opinion of many experienced, shrewd traders, stocks should be bought at very moderate decline from now on, especially those of the better or best varieties, the values of which are likely to record appreciation ranging from twenty to thirty points. According to these oracles, the end of the war is drawing near—it may be less than six months off, and floating supplies of securities have been absorbed in great amounts not only in the United States, but also in other countries, both belligerent and neutral. In other words, the stage is set for a broad, genuine à la hausse movement in all the financial centers of the world. While this kind of optimistic theorizing may seem premature to many a man in the street, who is constantly subject to evanescent and mostly misleading impressions and influences, it courts our careful consideration, just the same, especially so since it comports fairly well with war dispatches and the law of probabilities. At this moment, the possibility that Germany might find the means for holding out twelve months longer appears remote, even if due thought is bestowed upon reports that the Trotzky-Lenine clique has concluded a defensive and offensive alliance with the Kaiser. Thus far, the recuperative course in financial markets has not been really important or vigorous. It has been of the slow, creeping variety, and frequently interrupted by little outbursts of liquidation, the effects of which were quite negligible, however. The increasing indifference of the market to recurrent mishaps and spells of uneasiness necessarily strengthened the view that the process of discounting disaster had been completed in the great decline of the last three months of 1917. Steel common, which was quoted at 107½ some days ago, has recovered to 111¼, which compared with a recent maximum of 116½. The rally in this and a few other related instances was attended by hints at favorable developments in the very near future. The exact nature of these was not disclosed, and could not reasonably be expected to be. Frankness has never been one of the salient virtues of Wall street. Besides, the "favorable developments" may exist only in the imagination of manipulators. The U. S. Steel Corporation is now operating at 92 per cent of capacity, against 94 in the previous week, according to official announcement. But what of this? It's a mere trifle in existing circumstances. Greatly more weighty is

the fact that the corporation still pays \$4.25 per quarter, and may find it convenient to maintain this rate a good while longer, in spite of rising costs of labor and material. The government is disposed to play fair with the essential industries. It does not propose to hurt credit to such an extent as would be likely to cause another outbreak of liquidation and rapidly falling prices. Substantial dividends and liberal policies in general raise corporate and individual credit and facilitate the floating of Liberty loans. The cynical student of affairs may find some objectionable features in this sort of political economy. He may feel reminded of the parable of the man who tried to raise himself by his bootstraps. But his sneers don't count at present. It's the aim of the government and nation to attain the one great purpose, to win the war, at the earliest possible date and at a minimum loss of human life. Professor Dryasdust will have to keep quiet in the meanwhile. The demand for railroad shares still is disappointingly small in nearly all leading cases. This seems all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that the banking institutions are decidedly more generous in the granting of loans against this class of collateral than in the acceptance of other stocks. By and by, the prejudice against railroad certificates will disappear, for, closely regarded, there's no real justification for it, even if we take a circumspect view of the government's management and purposes. Speculative attention has too long been monopolized by industrial issues, the values of many of which still remain at levels substantially above the maximum figures of pre-war years, the severe depreciation since the turbulent bull days of 1915 and 1916 notwithstanding. As the close of the struggle in Europe approaches, conservative Wall street folks will ask themselves what popular industrials will be worth after extraordinary demand for war material has ceased. They will draw cautious inferences also from the establishment of exceptionally high wages at manufacturing plants and general dislocation of industrial production. There will, no doubt, be a good deal of dismantling and reconstruction, all of which will be very costly and interfere seriously with operations and earning power. There's not one sane observer in Wall street who would dare predict another violent boom in industrial shares. The general belief is that the highest prices have been seen, and that another course of downward revision will be witnessed shortly before or after the commencement of peace parleys. Some leading railroad bonds displayed considerable weakness lately, largely owing to the financial pinch and the preparations for the fourth Liberty loan. The actual declines were not important, though. Liberty bonds again moved in irregular ways, but showed an increased degree of stability, probably in consequence of fine war news and vigorous supporting orders on the part of bankers. The 6 per cent bonds of the City of Paris, which were down to 73½ last year, are now quoted at 96½. This figure is only about two points under the original issue price in the early part of 1917. In due time the bonds should be rated at 100. The Anglo-French 5s are selling at 94¾. There

were no large fluctuations in their value in the last few days. It seems puzzling, however, that they should not have risen further than they did so far in response to the shattering of German power and hopes. The bonds were quoted at 98 to 98½ in the autumn of 1915, when \$500,000,000 were disposed of in the United States. The last weekly statement of the New York clearing house discloses an excess reserve of \$65,000,000, against about \$25,000,000 previously. The loan item shows an expansion of over \$72,000,000. The stock exchange crowd commented hopefully on this feature of the statement. The idea was that it foreshadowed a more friendly attitude in dominant financial quarters.

❖ Finance in St. Louis

Quotations are firm on the local bourse. They indicate that the majority of owners feel confident that the next important movement will be upward rather than downward. One of the interesting features is the slowly broadening inquiry for bonds. Two thousand dollars of Kansas City Home Telephone 5s were taken at 84.50 the other day, \$1,000 Kinloch 6s at 97.75, \$4,000 Liberty 4½s at 95.94 and 96, and \$1,000 Laclede Gas first 5s at 98. The figures quoted are distinctly good for these times. Even St. Louis Brewing 6s are held at an interesting price—65, despite the poor outlook for the brewing industry. Owners feel satisfied, no doubt, that the underlying security is sufficiently ample to justify faith in the ultimate outcome. United Railways 4s sold at 50 the other day, and the preferred stock at 14.50. Forty Brown Shoe common brought 66.25, ten Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred 81, and forty Bank of Commerce 118.50. Money continues stiffly rated at the local institutions at 6 to 6½ per cent. Demand is large, many borrowers evidently being of the opinion that increasing net profits warrant applications for loans even on terms that would have been considered exorbitant some years back.

❖ Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	116	
State National Bank.....	190	
United Railways pfd.....	13½	14
K. C. Home Tel. 5s (\$100).....	85½	
Mo. Portland Cement.....	69½	
Ely & Walker com.....	105	
do 1st pfd.....	100	...
do 2d pfd.....	82	
Brown Shoe com.....	67	...
do pfd	96	98
Granite-Bimetallic	45	50
Hamilton-Brown	128	...
Independent Brew. 1st pfd.....	3½	4
National Candy com.....	41	41½
do 2d pfd.....	88	88½
Missouri Electric Lt. 6s.....	100	...
Elder Mfg. Co. com.....	72½	...

❖ Answers to Inquiries

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—American Linseed preferred is a decidedly speculative investment. It remains to be proved that the 7 per cent dividend can be paid permanently. It has been disbursed in full since the latter part of 1917. Nothing was paid between 1900 and January 1, 1917. Under prevailing conditions it is safely earned. In the last fiscal year the surplus was \$1,764,430 before preferred dividend. Cannot recommend purchasing unless you have a particular liking for this

sort of stock. The current price of 77 is not too cheap, broadly considered.

"EMPIRE," Albany, N. Y.—The first and refunding 5s of the Interborough Rapid Transit Co. are temptingly quoted at the present figure of 77½. You ask if they are a good investment. If you mean by this a first-class investment, my reply is "no." If you mean a desirable investment, considering yield and potential speculative profits, my reply is "yes." Some nine or ten years ago these bonds sold at 103 and over.

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis.—In view of the cheapness of the price—33½, Kennebott Copper would seem attractive as a speculation. Soon or late the quotation must move up, another severe decline appearing improbable. Last November the low point was 26. There has been little doing in the stock for months. It is not well handled, and never has been since the day of introduction in 1915. The \$4 dividend is not absolutely safe. If it were, the price of the stock would be around 40 or 42. However, you had better stick to your certificate. Don't quit at a loss.

PUZZLED, Bonham, Tex.—(1) Federal Oil, quoted at 2, is nothing but a gamble. It is impossible to form an intelligent idea in regard to its real or future value. If you bought for speculation, stick it out. You cannot lose much if the venture proves a failure. (2) Merritt Oil is a promising proposition, but the current price—20—does not suggest material undervaluation, even though it is considerably below the top notch of some time ago. Company is well managed, and it is conceivable that it may eventually be absorbed by a rival concern on terms highly pleasing to stockholders.

F. W. W., Streator, Ill.—There's nothing the matter with Illinois Steel debenture 4½s. The decline of thirteen or fourteen points in the past year was due to general financial depression. Intrinsically, the bonds have lost nothing. In case of a further fall, say to about 78, add to your holdings. As concerns the previous high record of 101—that is not likely to be reached again in the next five years.

CAPITAL, Naugatuck, Ct.—(1) Reading common is not too high at 88, the ruling price, viewed from a market standpoint, though the yield of 4.6 may seem rather insignificant. It's a good speculation, and returns amply during propitious season. (2) Hold Midvale Steel for a more material advance.

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A British soldier met an American soldier in the Strand, and a conversation ensued during which the absorbing topic of the day cropped up. "What do you think of Fritz's big gun that's shelling Paris?" asked the Briton. "Oh, not much," said the American. "But come," said the Briton, "it's a pretty tidy gun that can put a shell over seventy miles." "Oh, that's nothing," retorted the American. "Just wait a bit. We're making a gun in Chicago that can put it in the shade. The first time we fire it the gun crew are getting a fortnight's leave to wait for the recoil."

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